



***Are you a knuckle-dragging neanderthal? Are you completely fucking useless?***

***Don't fret! With this handy glossary you, too, can understand words !***

Ajax - Nearby

Arva - Screw

Aunt Nell - Listen/ears

Batter - 'Street Walking'

Bijou - Little

Bitaine - Prostitute

Bona - Good

Cackle - Gossip

Charpering - Search

Clevie - Cunt

Dish - Arse

Dolly - Pretty

Eek - Face

Ends - Hair

Esong - Nose

Fambles - Hands

Fart Crackers - Trousers

Flowers - Lodgings

Fogus - Baccy

Fungus - Old

Gam - Oral Sex

Lallies - Legs

Lattie - Flat

Lau - Lay

Letty - Bed

Lucoddy - Body

Luppers - Fingers

Mank - Disgusting

Meshi - Mad

Metza - Money

Nanti - No/Not/None

Orderly Daughters - Pigs

Naff - Straight/ Shite

Ogle - Eye

Onk - Smell

Oven - Mouth

Palare-pipe - Phone

Palaver - Speak

Parker - Pay

Pot - Teeth

Quong - Testicles

Reef - Touch

Reef - Touch

Savvy - Understand

Scotch - Leg

Screech - Speak

Screeve - Write

Sedon - Nose

Tappers - Feet

Testo-Caxxo - T-cock

Thews - Thighs

Tober - Street

Trade - Sex/ sex partner

Troll - Walk

Vada - Look

Vogue - Cigarette



*written and illustrated by diesel clementine*





**My name is Blu-V.**

I was built to look 23 years old. I believe in taking care of myself. And a fibre rich diet. And an exercise routine. In the morning, if my eek is a little puffy, I'll put on a cryo-masque while doing my hip-thrusts. I can do a thousand now 🐱. After I remove the cryo-masque, I use an industrial pore-vaccum. In the shower-pod, I use a moisture-activated toxin-eating neo-bacteria, then a blue raspberry flavonoid scrub, and on the eek: blast, in three quick successions, an exfoliating radiation ray. Then, I use 'gorilla-gorrilla-strength-of-gorilla'-gorilla-hair-glue to twist the two little horns of ends on top my otherwise no2.5 length buzz cut. I always use an aftershave lotion that onks of petrol but has bijou to nanti alcohol -because alcohol dries out your eek and has you vada fungus. Then a toner, then an anti-aging ogle balm, followed by a final de-puffing tai-chi pose.



There is an idea of Blu-V. Some kind of abstraction of a real hustler. But there is nanti real me. Only a fantasy. Something illusory. You can imagine my eek when you close your ogles. Imagine the dolly reef of my lucoddy-ody-ody as you pull me closer. Imagine the onk of my warm wet armpits. Or the taste of my meticulously p.h. balanced testo-cazzo. You can even imagine the nell of my gasps as you slowly slide inside me. But, when you open them ogles, I'm simply nanti there.



You couldn't afford me.

John number Oney: Booked me an Endoscopy.

I wasn't to buzz up. The street door was broken. Metal swinging on its hinges. And the door to 'is lattie had been left unlock too. He wanted to hear me troll in- nanti savvy if I were an intruder or the bitaine he'd booked in bated breath about a week afore. Nanti, at least, till I'd taken off the leather blindstrap. I heard a bijou thudding jump when I creaked open the door. Cute like. It was a shit lattie. But nanti the way nowadays with neo-builds. This oney; wood-like linoleum panels flooring it, wooden window frame, glass thin cardstocklike, bare swingin quong of a lightbulb. I flicked the lightswitch on and bulb scream'd flylike. And there, ajax the barcelona chair, that shiverin pathetic sack of a gimp: John number Oney. Leather hood wie straps oer 'is ogles and 'is moanin' oven. Leather bin-bag tied at 'is neck, padlocked with steel stainless. He was a surgeon afore this, was the



cackle. Famous in medical circles for making this new type camera that went inside people. Apparently a pioneer in it. But then it weren't enough. Nanti camera was ever as clear as ogles. And nanti ogles as clear as 'is own. It all gets a bit Spider-man The Animated Series (1994) after that. Bio-engineering. Tests on himself. Cackle tells itself an' I stopped aunt nell. Padlock keys lying there in front of him. He's really struggling now. Blindfold's shaking. I'd better get this started. Slowly. Carefully. Pulling off the thick leather. Watching them staccato at the sudden light. Behold! Doctor Gimp and 'is Fantabulosa Prehensile Ogles! They droop down beside the mask's cheeks. Bijou blood-shot-sausages.



He asked me to wear leather boots. I chose a pair of blue n' black motorcycle boots. Wore the fart crackers n' jacket n' everything. Lalliepads. Elbowpads. The lot. The boots had a long zip up the side. 'Is ogles seemed to find the strength to perk up and face me when he aunt nell'd the zip going. Ziii- Ogles start exploring. -iiii- Extending further from the holes in the mask. -iiii- As if fambles fumble for fruit. -iiii- They're still shaking. I smile as I watch them follow the -iiii- Both pupils pointed at it's stuttering. -iiii- Ogles fluttering. -iiii- Almost melting when I -iiip reach the end and pull at the boot. Leather still tight at my ankle. I slowly pull till it juts off. Sword-from-the-stone-like. Steam now rising from my black sock'd tappers. With the Ogles now staring at my sole. My sweat is taxed in the UK and Ireland as 'syrup' (tastes of blueberry and mirin, lav'd a steam once) so it hardens in fabric if it's soaked in enough of it. I've been wearing these since he called.



The condensation makes a faint outline on the linoleum. Tapper's outline: toes an' sole an' heel. The ogles are vada back an' forth an' back an' forth. Between my tapper and its imprint on the floor. I scrunch my toes and coax the left ogle under my sole before pressing down softly. I can feel how warm my tapper is against the cold surface of the ogle. I can tell how much it hurts from the inhuman moan from deep inside the leather. I can tell how much more it hurts when I press harder. The right ogle is staring at its flapping deadfish like brother -as I roll it under my arch. But it juts back into focus. Back to me. As I unzip my other boot in its periphery. The right ogle meets its brother's fate.

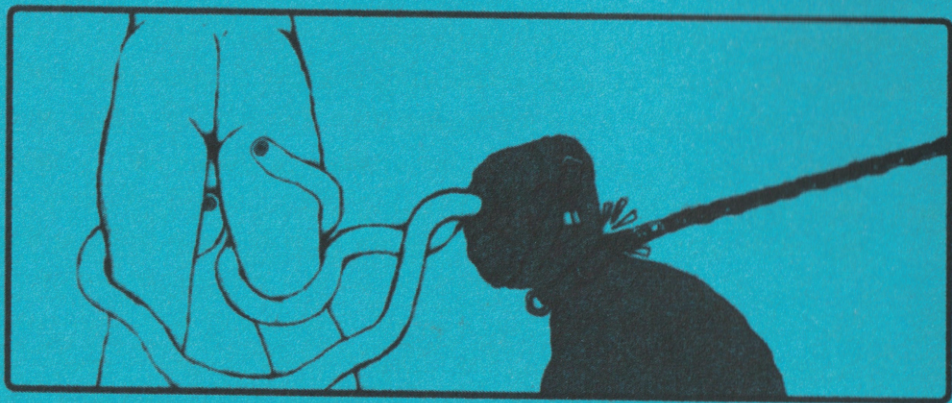


The bona doctor is almost used to the soft pressure exerted on its ogles. Its moans getting ever softer -still responding to the flexing and curling of my toes to the ogles' surface. My warm blue sweat melting into them. The moaning lulling into a soft consistent whimper. Then -suddenly- turn -sharp- and -loud- anguish when I stand. The whole weight of my lacoddy pushing down on them.

As I shimmy from the leather fart crackers, I can feel each ogle take the pressure. The right. The left. The right. As I oscillate the jutting pulls of leather past my round dish, I can imagine them popping. Bursting juice from their tight tips. Hypothetical blood squirting from limp open eyes.

But I'm nanti actually allowed to let it get that far. So I step off them. Let them watch meekly as I peel the leather down my thews. Wide eyed. From the floor. Too bruised to raise themselves. But, as the leather is pulled free from my lallies, (just like anyone else, oney lallie at a time) they somehow find the strength.





The prehensile ogles snake up my ankles, my calves, my thews -scotch ends  
bristling at their movement. I snapped pictures from that angle more than once.  
I      savvy      why      his      ogles      so      excited      to      vada.

I nanti savvy if you've ever let anyone have a vada inside you. But it really is an  
experience. They vada a part of you you haven't even vada yourself. That is, the  
simultaneous interior view of your dish-hole and clevie. There's nanti being  
insecure about it -might as well let him do 'is thing. Doesn't hurt that he's got a  
close-up picture of your prostate while he's jamming into it.

And after I'm done my clenching and moaning and dripping all sorts (you really  
can't fake it from in there), he pulls out. And I can't tell if the ogles are crying, or  
just soaked in my cum. I guess it doesn't matter either way.

But, as I got in the cove to see john number Doey, palare-pipe vibrating  
out in my pocket, I nanti help but wonder-

How      does      he      manage      to      prevent      pinkeye?



John      Number      Doey:      Make      It      Make      Scent!

Nantiknown caller bothering the palare-pipe. I decline it this time. I don't have time for him. But, it's a dolly bijou model isn't it? This pipe of mine. A vintage of 2003. Pressing pressers chenter times till a screeve a 'C U SOON' to john number doey. Sent just as the cove pulls ajax 'is flowers.

Dressed completely in white, he was an almost-dolly fungus-sort varding down on me through oglefakes- propped prestigiously atop a prodigious esong ("a song?" "nary, a sneeze, sedon." ("sedon?" "sod-off.")). The sedon he picked? Esong plated in platinum. His original, long since corroded by copious consignment of cobalt cocaine ("He blue his nose?" "Yes. In view of rows.").

He lavs 'is story as he trolls me to the lettyroom. He palaver, "I met my love, Olphonse, on the cobblestones in 69. I was sixteen and a half. He was just turning one-hundred and fifteen. Ageless. From a devil's deal; he shall stay young, while

his nose grows old. And grow it did. When I met him it was five inches long. And he said, as the years battered on, it could grow up to eleven and a half. I remember asking old Olph, 'why not twelve inches?' And he said-" I vada the steam pause. Charpering off into the middle distance. He mutter, under 'is breath, steam mutter, "I can't remember what he said, actually."

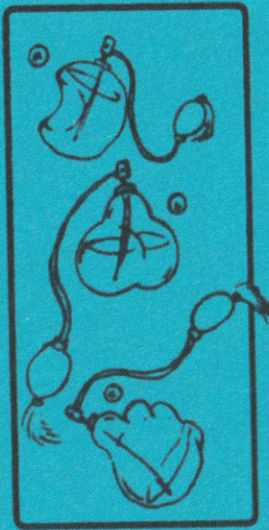
He opens the airlock chamber. Orders me dis-schmutter my clobber. Pulling off, again, the boots, the fart crackers, the jacket. He palaver, "Olph liked me for my age, there's no other way about it. Especially my 'boy's nose'. That's why I picked yours." I vada, cross-ogled, down at it. "As he would say, 'comme une poupée'" john doey smiled, all wistfoollike. Then stared at my lucoddy. As I shimmied from my y-fronts. He palaver, "I've never done it with a trans man before." as he vada my clevie. I want to correct. I'm nanti a tranny. I've just been drawn this way. But, with "IF (<Customer Wrong?>), THEN (<The Customer Is Always Right>)" in my



boolean, I choose to ignore it.

An odourless fog of disinfectant fills the chamber. Dissolving any odour particles. A weighted silence as we wait... Till, at the fog's sudden dispersal, he brushes past me and stands afore the lettyroom door. Airlock door pops as it 'burbs' open -tupperwarelike. And on to white dome-ceiling'd room. A bare white mattress. White plastic sheets. Gran's couch like. The room was lit everywherlike. But from where, I couldn't vada. Just bright. All white. Save for the tray bijou bottles sitting neatlike. For john dooey to stand. Ogle at. Afore he palaver'd, "Olphonse opened 'Olph's All-Factory' in Paris in 64. A sort of jab at Warhol, but Olph, actor he was, maintained he 'hadn't ever heard of the boy'. He brought young men off the street on the promise they'd be made art. Not the visual, but the..." john dooey vadas down, "Apologies, the word's escaped me. Pertaining to smelling..." Trails off. Eyes

Fisheyelike. Glass. "His old factor, E. Bulbe, said it often. Was his favourite word." Pause. "It doesn't matter. He made perfumes. Brewed them all in the All-factory. Made perfect scent facsimiles of boys. One of a kind art-aromas. I don't know how special I was in the long line of them. But, he made three perfumes from me. Supposedly the other boys only got one a pop. I don't know. But he made three from me. I know that. It felt special at the time. Three perfumes." john dooey points to each bottle as he palaver'd: "My mouth. My cock. My feet. " He smiles. Wistfoollike. "I can't remember what he titled them." And, fisheyelike again -he palaver, "But I've got the bottles still."







"Lay out all flat like. This is how he used to have me. Yes." John stares past the metal-sedong. At my there lucoddy. Warm machine on the cold plastic. I can normally feel the syrup coolant pulse round my lucoddy -but I turned it nanti to minimise odours. I'm parking warmer. Overheating tower-unit-like. Whirring fan. He asks me to open my oven. Ben Dover. Sprays bottle ④ in its open. I try nanti spit. Hovers over dear testo-cazzo. Sprays bottle ⑤. Then, squats. Bottle ⑥. Dripping down my soles.



Rice



Champagne



Anise

#### Middle Notes



Goat Milk

#### Base Notes



Goat





### Top Notes



Cumin



Cantaloupe

### Middle Notes



Seaweed



Mushroom

### Base Notes



Ambergris



Civet



### Top Notes



Balsamic Vinegar



Salt

### Middle Notes



Metallic



Truffle



Mushroom

### Base Notes



Ambergris



Civet





"I remember now." wide meshi-potted screech, he palavar'd:

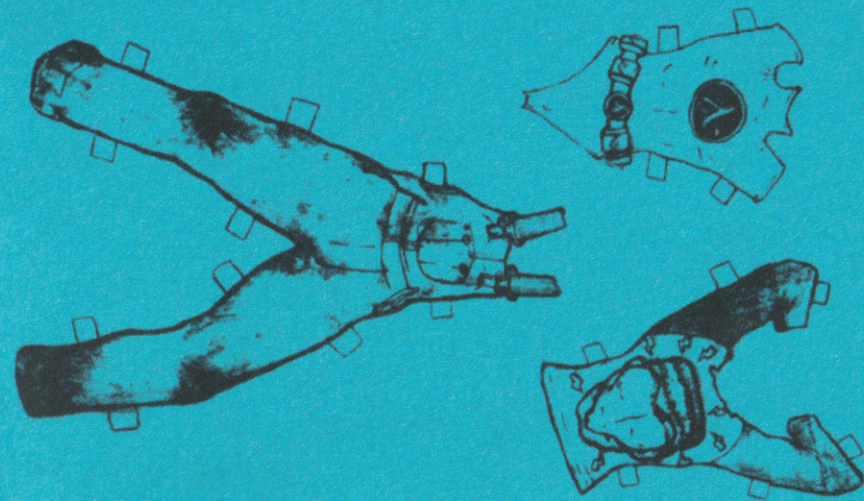
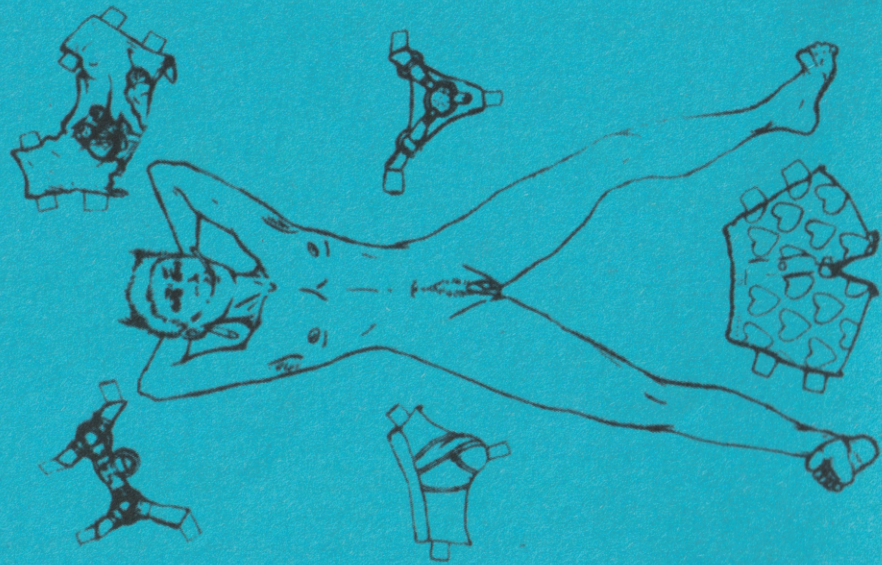


John	Number	Tray:	An	Aquired	Taste.
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1. Carefully cut out Blu-V and fashions - taking care not to cut off the white tabs.
2. Fix fashions to Blu-V by bending white tabs over the edges of his body.
3. Masturbate onto Blue-V - ensuring to squirt your chosen ejaculate onto his face.
4. Use Alien-Tastebud-Growth-Hormone\* to enjoy hitherto unknown erotic flavours!

\*Like all Xenobiological Growth Hormones, this can cause side effects although not everybody gets them.  
Stop taking Alien-Tastebud-Growth-Hormones and tell your doctor if you experience any of the following side effects:  
Common (may affect up to 1 in 10 people); dry mouth, dizziness, memory problems.  
Uncommon (may affect up to 1 in 100 people); severe upper abdominal pain often with nausea and vomiting.  
Rare (may affect up to 1 in 1,000 people); alien tastebuds developing in areas outside the mouth.









John      Number      Quarter:      I      Get      On      'Is      Nerves.

I'll probably end up as a vignette in one of this guy's 'gay lit' novels, so I might as shitting well beat him to the punch. Lawrence E. Lavender. For those without the pleasure GAG!, he's this 'seminal' fruit autofiction screever. But he only really ever had one thing happen to him in 'is life, so he keeps recycling it. This one unrequited love in 'is late teens. He ever made a move on the boy. And the boy went brain-dead from a specific brand of poppers made of cancer. And Lawrence sat next to the vegetable and read excerpts from 'is unpublished manuscripts till the boy finally died. ("we've found the murder weapon") He's screeved say plays, quarter librettos, otterteen novels, and oney pretentious tijuana bible. And, in the mid 80s, he had 'is entire nervous system surgically removed. So he could be a better screever. He explained 'is reasoning in an 880 page book that no oney read.



From the moment I opened the door, I was transfixed. This boy. This pellucid sapphire apollo embraced at the waist by JNCO jeans, stood, mine, in the hotel corridor. The saccharine smell of him crossed the threshold before, even, his tattered trainers. He removed an indigo motorcycle jacket from his sculpted shoulders as he took in my hotel room. He tries to hide it, but I can tell the atmosphere is capturing him. He lets the jacket fall to a thud on the carpet. He spoke, "it's in there aye? Spaghetti lucoddy like?"

I chuckle at the gigalo's boldness, "Yes, my dear, but I don't believe that's the most appropriate name for him. You see, the 'spaghetti lucoddy' is no longer a lucoddy - no longer a body - as it was removed from my body, you see. It is made simply into feeling."

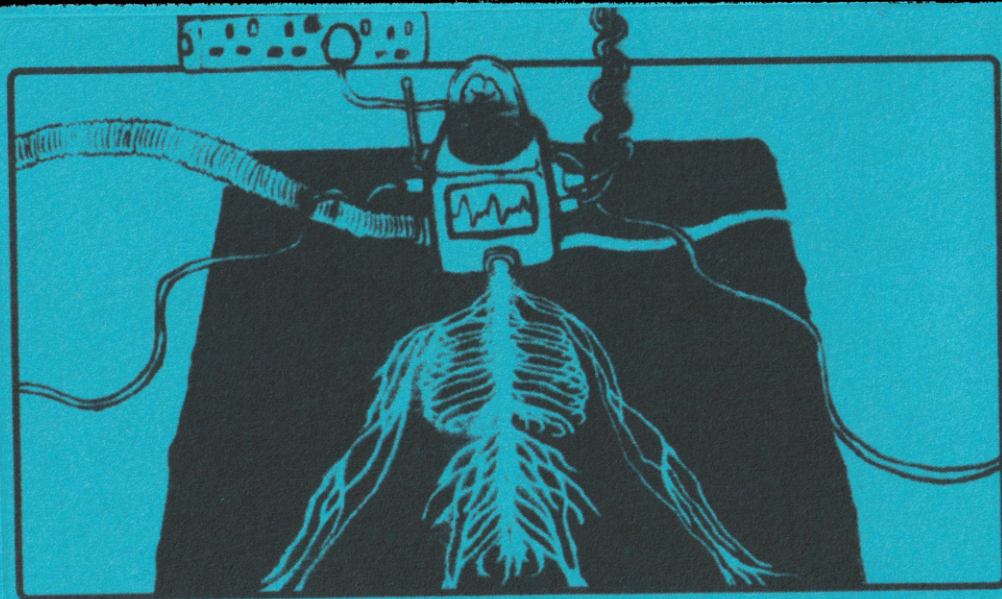
"An' you want me to wank it off then, aye?"

"Well," and I must admit, I may have stuttered almost, "Yes, if you could find the nerves pertaining to my genitals, could you, yes, 'wank it off'?"

To which he smiled, and I opened the door to show the boy my surgically extracted shame...







And he opened the door. Showed me the thing. The sheets are thick with vaseline. The nerves are a pale purple pink in places. I wouldn't savvy if this were normallike. He explains he laid it out in the approximate shape of a human lucoddy. I dunno why but I half expected it to look like tangled hearphone wires -just sort of left there. I smile. Imagining lying under it. Laying it out flat on my own skin. Trying to match it up. Wrapping cold greaselike bits of fleshy string around my own lucoddy. It's cute. It's new. Yeah.

He starts undressing. The cerulean translucence of synthetic skin revealed, in great ceremony, as he removed the baggy tee-shirt. The fizzing of mechanical tightness in his slight torso. He removed his trainers. His slender feet in white sports tube socks. And, just like he said, they were stained blue at the soles. Below his soft abdominal muscles, he unbuttons his belt. He looks at me and



And I look at him and say, "Hey letch! Wanna park us some coding privacy?" The mank is up with this meshi? I metza extra for traysomes. And he can't charper me on a technicality. Mr. Lawrence E. Lavender and the entity formally known as 'is nervous system are legally separate persons. Precedent established in the Rent-a-Kyle v. Hyde case. "Aye! And close the door on the way out."

I turn to the nerves. Hey. A bubble floats to the top of the tank preserving the little chunk of brain that still feels. But I can't assume it's anything like communication. Like, trade is about communication. Or trade is communication- but- I nanti savvy. I deleted my philosophy drive after my run-in with The Matter Master. ("What's the Matter Master?" "Nanti Pig. Get back to work.") You shouldn't overthink these things. It's just fucking. My lallies threaten to slide on the vaseline. But I steady myself. Smile. I peel the strands, that once were fambles, from the duvet

and lau them flat on my thews. I spread my lallies. My testo-cazzo hovers over the cartes' nerves. I'm smiling. I bite my lip as if it could vada. "Hey." as if it could nell. I trace my luppurs down the thickest base nerve. Globules of vaseline collect on them as I leave an almost bare line. I wish I could say it shuddered. Or recoiled. But it lau flat. It only lau flat. But I was smiling. I wanted it to feel safe. With my fambles either side of it. My oven. Hovered over it. The tip of my tongue. Runs. Back up. I try to imagine my nerves that bare. What someone's tongue would feel like inside the base of your spine. The vaseline doesn't mix well with the syrup of my blue saliva. But I lay my tongue flat. Run it back up. The tips of my luppurs hold what I think is its shoulder. Rolling the string of it between my luppertips. I tell myself it feels bona for them. I imagine it does. I do. As I try to hold its waist. I want it to savvy what I'm reefing before I'm reefing it. As my luppurs trace its hips.



Its thews. Circling in. The nerves of its cartes. Luppers running down its branching and branching mess. Softlike. Holding it. Burnt bush in my fambles. Holding it to my testo-cazzo. Already wet. The nerves mapped across my luppers. Pushed. Slowly. Softly. In the entrance of my clevie. Nerves pressed between my fingers and the ceiling of it. The image of a magician stuffing handkerchiefs. Strand. After strand. Oney. By oney. Pushed deeper still. A tangled knot inside me. Deeper. Arva! I can't- Arva! So much of this reef inside me. I ogle up the base of its spinal cord. The girth of it. My famble holds it. The weight of it. Positions it. In the path of its paths already swallowed.

My                      hips                      lifting                      to                      it.



Imagine your spine arving sometrade's clevie.  
The so that would feel. Nanti savvy who they  
are or what they vada. They're just a reef. All  
you savvy is their reef. Their lucoddy on yours.  
And                      then                      they                      leave.



I laid the nerves out museumlike before I left. Left a lingering reef that try palaver my leaving. I'm nanti convinced it would've. I'm nanti convinced the thing's even alive. Honestly. Falling tree's nanti nelly aunt -gone, now also, with Matter Master. ("Nanti, darling, what's the matter with you?")

*You shouldn't overthink these things.*

By the time I'm back on the batter, its already nochy. And pearl'd strings of orderly daughters' custodian helmets are trolling through the munge in dreadful rows. Blacklight flashlights in fambles. Orbs pointed down. Charpering for ectoplasmic traces of orgone. Stupid cunts. They wouldn't savvy it if it spurted down their throats. 'VVVV'. Mank sake. 'VVVV'. Pulling out the parlare-pipe again. 'VVVV'-ing in my fambles. Nantiknown number vada up at me again. Declining it. Standing todd on the tober.

Pulling out a box of fogus, haven't had a vogue all day. ("Only a quarter of fags." ~~disk~~ ~~BYE BYE!~~). Blue bic lights it. Embers stay blue lit like. Puffing on it sharplike. Thinking which budget john I should finish off here nochy -and which to naff off till nochy ajax. Flipping through the rolodex. Either;

- a) "Gam-o-phone" ('Grooved' for Your Pleasure)
- b) "BattyMan" (Arvas The Cave With a Chirp of 'is Tongue)
- c) "The Percussionist" (A Cymbal Man With Cymbal Needs)





I'm fond of The Percussionist, but Battyman parkers more. But he always asks if I'm 'up for guano'. Then again, Gam-o-phone does that thing with 'is- 'VVVV' Cod sake. 'VVVV' I flick the vogue on the floor. 'VVVV' Stub it out. How many times do I need to hang up on- 'VVVV' Oh. 'VVVV' The pipe's out of battery. 'VVVV' Then what's vibrating?

'Click' - the nell of a line gone live.

" b u?" - The sound. In my head. In my skull. " b u? are j u ð e s i." What the fuck is going on? "S i w n second d st l t m i d st- ust- just- djust- a-" Who the fuck is this? "Sorry Blu, I forgot you don't have phonetic glyphs installed. Is that better now?" Is that Gentleman Carrnation? Is it Bed Death? The Violet Kill? Pink Pounder and the Barclays Banking Group? It couldn't be Count Draculiasis. Or... Is it you: **Matter Master!?**

"Eh. No. It's not any of those. It's, em, it's me. The guy that made you." Oh. "I've been trying to call you all day its-" Yeah. I've been hanging up. "I'm sorry, I just wanted to talk." Goes without saying, this is fucked up of you. "I know, I just- something happened. And I- I dunno. I started thinking of - like - shit I never said to people." I can't hang up my own skull. "I know." This is like- "I know. I know. I just needed to tell you. Fuck. (I shouldn't be doing this.) I needed to say 'I love you'." I wish you nanti lav me shit like that. "Ha! I remember I was watching Rules of Attraction and James Van Der Beek said 'I wish you wouldn't tell me shit like that' and I turned to David and I said, 'that'd be something Blu-V would say.' - and then the next day I put it in your programming." I don't care. "Can I talk about him for a bit?" I've never seen Dawson's Creek. " I mean David. David Watts." I can't hang up. "Sorry." . . . "I'm going to start now. Talking about him." . . . "Fuck. Right.



Okay. Fine. David. He's -erm -I don't know. I want to say he's my best friend. But I feel like that's- I'm only just now - like, for the first time - using those words here. And I don't know if that's disingenuous. But I want you to know how much he meant to me." . . . "It wasn't - it never went anywhere. I didn't - It wasn't like that. I mean. It was with you. Or - meant to be. But that doesn't mean - I'm not making sense am I?" . . . "I know." . . . "He would tell all these stories like. All these mad stories. These guys he met on Grindr. And, like, he was a sex worker too. Like in person. Like, he had an Onlyfans too, but- He had all these mad stories. And -" . . . "I don't know. He was - I'd go to parties. Or club nights. And he'd see me. He'd see me. He'd - like - go up to me. He'd talk to me. Include me in - stuff. People. Other people. I don't know why he did that. I really - he was my best friend. I don't think I - I don't know. I really - yeah - Sorry. I'm - I just want to talk

about him to you. I know I'm being fucked up right now. And I won't - I won't do this again. I just - I wanted to talk about him." . . . "Cause - I first talked about you to him. After he told me one of his stories. I said, they should do - like - a rent boy superhero. And - I said - I could make one. And, yeah, I did. That's your - That's 'The Secret Origin of Blu-V' I guess." . . . "His favourite colour was blue." . . . "That was a stupid thing to say. Sorry. I mean it's true but - But it's also - You're really going to hate me after this aren't you?" . . . "I don't think we were ever going to speak again anyway." . . . "I know. I just - he was so cool. Like. Really cool. I feel like a wean saying that but - I couldn't believe he was my friend. I never - I dunno - I had this rule. Cause I never wanted to seem like a beg. Like, I'd never message him first. I'd never ask him to hang out. I'd always preempt the end of a text conversation and 'like' his message instead of replying." . . . "And then, for a

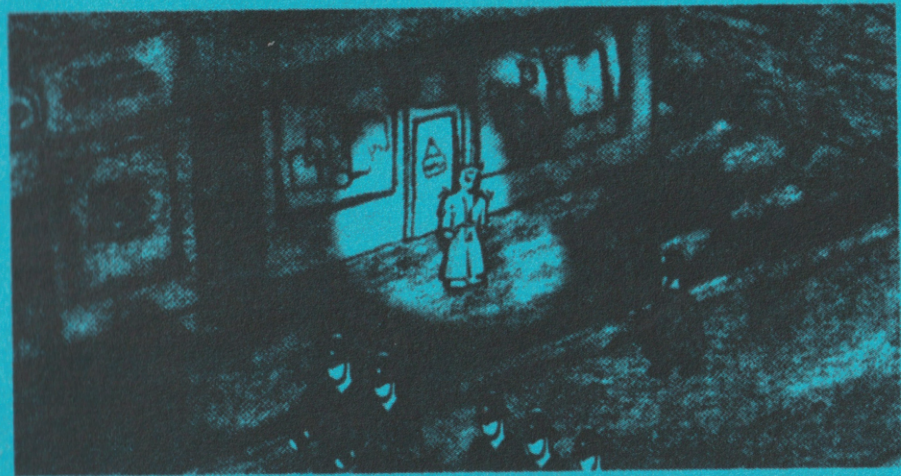


while, he stopped asking to hang out." . . . "And it was fine. I was busy. I was making you." . . . "And then he texted me. And - fuck - I was at a 'critical juncture'. Or whatever. And he wanted to hang out. Said he wanted to hang out 'this week'. Said he wanted to tell me something. And I thought it was just, like, another bit of gossip and- fuck sake. Sorry. I really don't want to cry. Like - you don't even know what I'm talking about. You shouldn't even care." . . . "I 'liked' his last message. A thumb emoji. I know it off by heart now: 'Mmm That's ok dearie. Hope Blu is up and running soon. We'll have a cackle sometime after yea?'". . . "And. He's passed now." . . . "They unplugged him on tuesday." . . . "I just - I wanted you to know." . . . "Don't worry. I'm not gonna - like - I'm not gonna do this again. Calling you like this. This was a one time thing. I just thought you should know about him." . . . "I'm sorry. Again. This is the last of it. Bye Blu. I hope you're ok." . . . "I'm sorry."

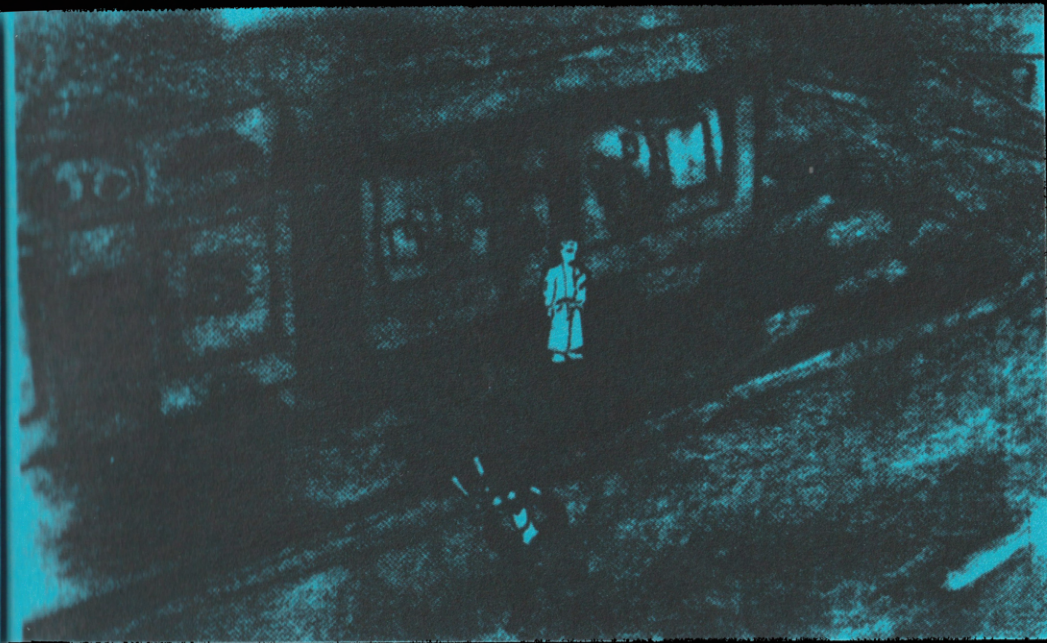
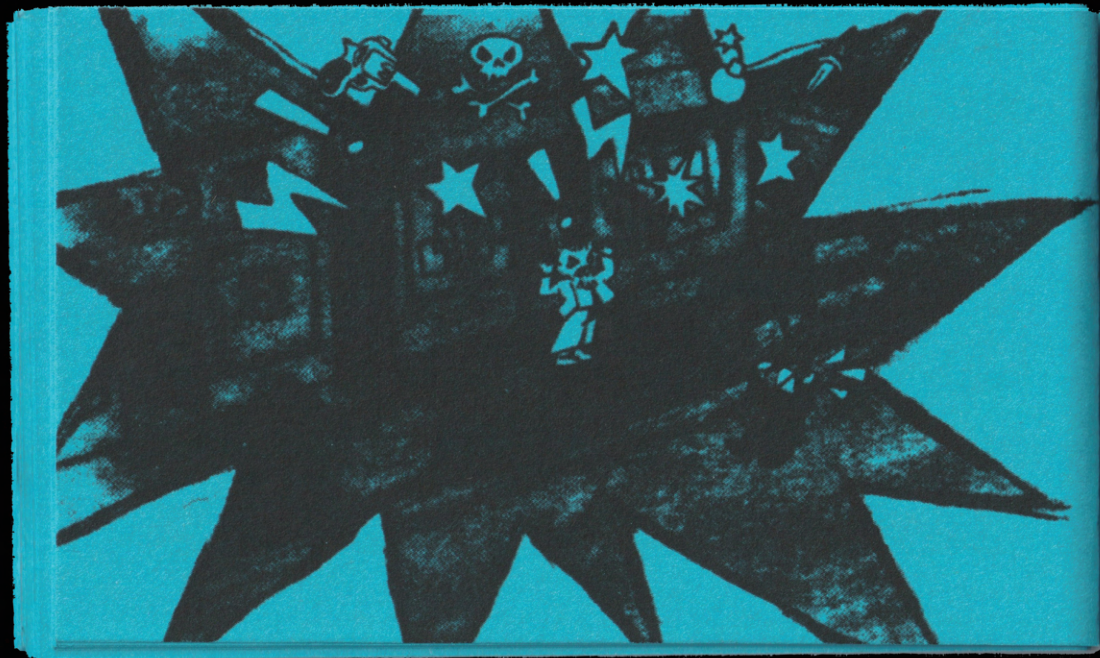
The line disconnects.















THE FUCK ARE YOU  
CHARPERING AT?

***thanks for  
reading, faggot!***

**Ingredients:** Glucose Syrup, Emulsifier (E121), Flavourant (Caramel), Black Raspberry Flavonoids, Acidity Regulator (E331), Ass Fat Acids (Citric Acid, Malic Acid), Sugar, Tapioca Starch, Thick Gelatine, Colour (E131), Genetically Modified Glucose Syrup, Tapioca Starch and Thick Gelatine.